THE JEWISH TIMES.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

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Poetry.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study.
Writing letters when I heard,
"Please, dear mama, Mary told me
Mama mustn't be 'isturbed."

"But I'se tired of the kitty;
Want some ozzer ting to do.
Writing letters, is 'ou, mama?
Tan't I write a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamas busy;
Run and play with Kitty, now."
"No, no, mama; me write letter;
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded
As I slowly shook my head,
'Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news,"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mama's writing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattle,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door,
I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
"Is there room for any more?

"'Cause 'dis letter is done to papa:
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mama sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man,"
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
By a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out upon the open air.

'T'was too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then a little face lay lifeless
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured
Showing where the hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

—(*Liverpool Weekly Mercury.*)

THE LAND OF NOD.

Far away in the land of Nod,
Where only in dreams man's foot hath trod,
Dwells the slumbering king, on his shadow throne,
Where he patiently sits until day is done.
He rises and puts his thinking-cap on,
Now as he thinks he doth often smile,
And he busily nods his head the while;
Then the elves of sleep, as they see them come
Quickly lay hold of them, one by one,
And fly to the homes of earth 'tis said,
There they place a nod on each one's head,
Till the eyes can no longer keep open wide,
The head, with the weight, turns from side to side,
And little by little doth on them creep
The wondrous blessing of quiet sleep;
But ere the grown folks find repose,
The king's son Jack Nod, on his tip-toes,
First comes to the children, the cunning elf,
And he brings the "sand-man" as well as himself.
Then the poor wee people rub, rub their eyes,
Until gentle sleep takes them all by surprise
And they never can tell of what they think
Just the minute before their last blinky wink.
Sometimes in the daytime, I am told,
This same Jack Nod; so cunning and bold,
Throws dust in folks' eyes, the saucy chap,
Which makes them take what is called a nap.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Down among the orchard-grass,
A happy, careless rover,
Pretty little Margery
Goes hunting four-leaved clover.

Timid little Margery
Gives her searching over,
Startled by a shadow
Darkening the clover.

Kneeling down beside her,
Blossoms arching over,
Martin in the orchard-grass,
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Gazing in each other's eyes,
Searching is all over.
There's no longer any need
For hunting four-leaf clover.

It isn't all in what is promised, but what is performed, that the worth lies. Evil can make promises, but it has no power to keep them. Virtue, on the other hand, always gives a little more than is due.

Pencil-Shavings.

It has been said that a woman cannot sharpen a lead-pencil, and I think I know why. In the first place, she doesn't attack it boldly enough; she is afraid of soiling her fingers. Then, she never has a sharp knife. If Adam the husband, and Adonis the brother, or even Johnny the son, lends a knife for the purpose, he first opens the dullest, brokenest blade, and then sneers at the result. If Eve has a knife of her own, nobody will sharpen it for her. I *have* seen a woman sharpen a pencil with a carving-knife, but that was an extreme case.

My own pencil is a pointed application of the foregoing remarks. It has a humpbacked, rough-hewn appearance, and the lead sticks out too far. I like to have a pencil that is *en regle* as to finish, but life is too short to worry over pencil-points. There are so many better things to make fret-work of. And it is possible that as noble or graceful things might be written with an awkwardly whittled as with a smooth crayon-end. What do the great minds use, anyhow, as a first copy? Who will write the ethics of lead-pencils? and who will read after it is written?

The fine, red chips which I have made in my abortive attempts to be masculine, catch in the lace of my sacque, bestrew my lap, and fall on the narrow hearth. The wood-grate is almost red-hot; the last stick, now turned to a huge dark coal, has flaming eyes which make it look like a human thing, and, as if to complete the resemblance, has come to the front of the grate and leans its head sleepily on the bars. Presto! now it has fallen apart, and a pale flame goes up from the ruins. I get up and brush my pencil-chips off into the fire, where they make tiny points of blaze among the coals. These same chips represent the waste of life—if such riotious smile can be permitted. The wood and lead were cut and put together and jointed; now the one is rubbed away in word-waste, and the other goes into shavings, into the fire, into nothingness.

Saccharissa, whom I love, is a human lead-pencil. She was married to a man. *That* was not curious; but the world, or some higher pencil-power, rubbed her life away without giving anything back, and the worthless stuff which should have protected her went into cedar-chips, and, finally, something reft the invisible welding, and the pencil was a thing of parts. Both were made for use, and they had been used, but the result was disappointing. The lead was too fine for its cover. It doesn't seem as though anybody in particular was to blame. Saccharissa and her husband are only part of the waste matter which goes to make up time.

I know a great many human lead-pencils, and, I *fancy*, a great many inanimate ones. My friend Don Quixotte's pet novel is not unlike the tool which brought it to paper. It seemed put together stoutly enough; but it has been rubbed away on the teeth of sharp critics, and whittled down to suit the occasion, until it is only a stubby fragment—it has gone to waste. And the fine inventions of my other friend Loftus, the eagle ambition of Icarus, the patient love and persistent toil of Vesta for her family—what are they all but lead-marks and cedar-wood chips? They melt away, they are chopped off, and the world knows them no more. It takes up another pencil, and—pshaw!—what foolish fancies for a workaday world.

I wonder if other people chew the tops of their pencils as I do? It is like burning the candle at both ends.

I have a ravishment (not French) for clean fresh pencils. Less possibilities lie hid in their smooth ends. Turn the smooth ends into slender, tapering points, and the call is clearer than that which comes to a pious Methodist circuit-rider, I would not, if I wished him well, dare present to a young fame-follower a bunch of Faber's No. 3, newly cut. He would go instantly burrowing into the mole-holes of his mind for something to write about. So that lead-pencils represent, not only present waste, but also original sin.

That opens up a fresh path; but my pencil has grown too old to follow any more whimsical beckonings. It is blunt, and I have nothing—no, not even a carving-knife—to sharpen it. Moreover, my fire-demon has slid away into coals, and they, in turn, have been weaving for themselves a winding-sheet of their own ashes. I can almost follow the shape of a dead thing under the velvety pall. I might disturb the illusion and stir up the hot glow and breathe underneath, but it looks too ghostly to be touched. I shiver, partly with the cold, partly at the wind and rain outside, partly at the phantom I have conjured up. Its body lived a brave life—how much braver than going into pencils for amateur philandering. The wood that makes my fire is a sort of deity, and I bring to the shrine all my loves and hates and ambition—to say nothing of basking in its heat. (So that fire-wood is not waste, even though pencil-shavings be.) And in the morning its remains are laid solemnly on the ash-heap, and its spirit—where does that go?

Saccharissa, who is as matter-of-fact as I am fanciful, says there *are* no ghosts. I can't argue with her, because I am a woman; but I venture to subscribe, with my blunt pencil, something which our sentimentalist wrote once to put Saccharissa to shame—wrote it, too, on just such a night as this:

No ghosts, do you say? Why, fool, the days
Are thick with visions of the dead;
And the earth is but a samite shroud,
Folding them in its creases red.

Out of the full-fed winter fire,
Frowning behind its mask of flame—
Out of the embers, dying low,
They come to ask me for a name.

Who is it that clamors at the pane,
With restless hands, with foolish tears?
You call it the beating autumn rain,
But *I* let in the buried years.

Even the heart of summer's rose
Prisons the wraith of a sultry day,
When some of my fairest towers in Spain
Hall and turret—crumbled away.

And the green renewal of the spring,
Bird-flight and lilac's purple bloom,
Is but the ghost of seasons past,
A shadowy presence of perfume.

The earth is sweeter for all her dead;
And it were slender sin if I
Prayed her to give me place among
Her friendly phantoms when I die.

—("*Q. T.*" *In The Californian for April.*)

Female Vanity in Germany.

Whatever difference of taste may exist as to the beauty of German women—and we will not be so rude as to suggest that there are no such differences—few have ever accused or suspected them of an excess of vanity. Gretchen is content, at any rate, in nine cases out of ten, with such charms as Nature has allotted to her; and she does not resort either to the paint-pallet, or any other device, for enhancing her fascinations. It seems, however, from a case which has just been decided before the Appeal Court at Metz, that in the Fatherland, when lovely woman stoops to this rare species of folly, there is much allowance made for her by the gallant gentlemen of the long robe. Fraulein Catherine Mehl, who has attained a decidedly marriageable age, was engaged to a desirable partner, to whom she had imprudently declared her age as six years less than it really was. As soon as the moment arrived for producing the certificate of birth she was aware that her little deception would be discovered, and she feared greatly that the match upon which she had set her heart would thereupon incontinently be broken off. She therefore took the liberty of altering the official document, so as to make it correspond with the statement she had already made. The *ruse* was so far successful, that the ceremony took place, and the husband was duly united to a lady whom he believed to be quite a *jeuene ingenue*. Unfortunately the certificate, in passing through some office, happened to be minutely examined by one of the clerks, who was not too blear-eyed to be able to discover the forgery. The bride was accordingly charged with the offence of falsifying a public document, and condemned to spend, if not her honeymoon, at least three of the first months of her married life in prison. She had the courage to appeal from the sentence, and cause the case to be argued out before the court at Metz, which reversed the decision of the inferior tribunal, and acquitted the lady, on the ground that she did not intend to commit any illegal act, but had been actuated only by "female vanity." It is to be feared that female vanity is but a thin garment to cover such a sin as forgery, even if the object be merely that of hunting down a husband.

Sincerity.

It is a marvel to many an observer and deep thinker that the race of Israel should, after centuries of unparalleled oppression and outlawry in nearly all the countries of Europe and the Orient, still exist, more numerous and physically, mentally, financially and influentially stronger than ever. In every land and under every form of government the Israelite lives, and prospers, and multiplies, and sings songs that David composed, and which have been handed down from son to son, and on which some of the sons so gloriously improved.

These observers and thinkers ask the question: What makes this people live and outlive empires and their various modes of civilization? What makes them hold their own in spite of the sneers of the ignorant and the envious? and God knows, and every intelligent man knows, that the world is yet full of ignoramuses and envious, mischievous people. The answer is, that the people of Israel exist because they are sincere in their belief in one God, who is the Creator, the Preserver and the Governor of the world, and the only Redeemer, and besides Him there is none. The sincerity of their belief makes the Israelites a unit as a people, and this sincerity extends itself throughout their entire life. They are a sincere people; their affections are concentrated, their occupations are concentrated, and their views of life are fixed and become immovable.

Every Israelite is from childhood deeply impressed with the matchless lessons of the Ten Commandments, which preserve him from the enslaving fears of superstition, which bind him to the Golden Rule, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and with this observance his affections are refined. A man who honors his parents is also apt to honor his sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and cousins, and this love extends gradually to the whole human race. A man who loves sincerely those who are his kin and his fellow-men will command the respect of his fellowmen in spite of unjust laws, for mankind is apt to look, after all, to the actions of a man, and what his neighbors or his priest will say about him will not finally govern their judgment. The Israelites, by their sincerity and loyalty in their friendship, are loyal to the government under which they live, and try by their wisdom to improve its form and the tone of society. This sincerity and loyalty to the family ties and to the government made it an impossibility for the enemies of Israel to stamp them out of existence, and they never will as long as the Israelites will remain sincere in their religious convictions and practice the same loyalty in their family relations as they have in the past. There is something pathetic and truly grand in the picture that if one member of a family of Israelites is successful, the whole family shares in his prosperity. That member will not rest until he has lifted all his sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews and cousins on the avenue of prosperity, and who in return stand by him in case ill-success should overtake him. Verily, there is a grand lesson in it for humanity: "One for all and all for one."—*American Israelite.*

The Sexes in Education.

In a speech at the dinner of the friends of a female school at Andover, Mass., the other day, the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Harvard University, speaking of co-education said: "The question that first presents itself is, 'Shall the education of young men and young women be in all respects the same?' I would answer yes, if their destiny in life, if their native proclivity and capacity, if the parts that they, in Divine Providence, are to fill in the world were the same. But, because they are not the same, I cannot but think there will be fittingly a diversity in the models of training. The question is sometimes raised of the quality of men and women. I don't like the word. Equivalency is the word, and that I maintain in the fullest sense. I admit no difference in the worth of native endowments and capacities, and if I admit any difference as to the extent of influence, of the amount of good work done in the world, it must be on the side of women certainly. But I believe that women cannot learn and do equally well with man all the things that he learns and does, and that man cannot been and do equally well with women all the things that she learns and does. His is the wider, hers the richer field. His is the strength of reasoning, hers the quicker intuition and clearer insight; his the more easy mastery of abstract sciences, hers the far finer seeing nature, the keener sense of beauty in art and in literature, and the larger capacity of culture in all that pertains to the beauty, charm, ornament and joy of home society. I would not have the same culture pursued by both, for I should dread to find always in the parlor a duplicate of the counting-room or office. There must be a difference of culture corresponding to the difference of position in society. There are some vocations of men which certainly it is not becoming that women should follow. There are others in which, for obvious reasons, they cannot compete successfully with men. There are others in order to pursue which they must forget that which is more fitting—their first province, the ornament of home life. However, these two lines of culture, or the two fields of culture, intersect each other in many points, and have a great deal in common. Certainly it would benefit young men were their scientific culture of a higher order than it is wont to be, and I believe that young women are largely benefitted by a more thorough course than usual of scientific study."

Reverence for Age.

A decrepit old man used often to come to Obadiah's house. His head was bowed down with age, his voice scarcely audible, and the little that could be heard was unintelligible.

But Obadiah loved the old man, and whenever he saw him at a distance he ran to meet him, invited him into his house, offered him his softest-cushioned chair, and, when he left, accompanied him back to his lonely hut.

Obadiah's sons saw with astonishment how their father honored the old man, who seemed to them a dotard, and one day they asked the reason why he did so. "My sons," he answered, "that man, who is now scarcely able to speak, was in former years the greatest orator and deepest thinker of his time. Old age first attacked his body, and then his mind; and with the light of his eyes the light of his intellect also darkened."

Our sages say that when Moses had placed the tables of stone in the ark of testimony, God commanded him also to preserve the broken tables. Not alone those which now serve, but also those which did serve a holy purpose, though useless now, are to be held sacred.

Reflect on the deep meaning of this beautiful parable. And whenever you see a man who has once served the world by his wise lessons, his good examples or his benevolent acts, remember the broken tablets of the law and honor him, though his day be past.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord!"

Women's Courage.

In his address at the semi-centennial celebration of Abbot Female Academy at Andover, Mass., last week, the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs said: "Then courage, I think, is a noble feminine grace—courage and self-devotion. We are so accustomed to associate courage with physical strength that we do not often, perhaps, or always think of it as pre-eminently a feminine grace when the feminine nature has been fully unfolded and trained; but it is. The reckless rapture of self-forgetfulness, that which dominates and inspires persons and nations, that which is sovereign over obstacle and difficulty, and peril and resistance, it has belonged to woman's heart from the beginning. In the early Pagan time, it has been shown, in the mediæval age, as well as in our own time, in Harriett Newell and Florence Nightingale, in Ann Haseltine as truly and as vividly as in any Hebrew Adassa or in any French Joan de Arc. You remember the Prussian women after the battle of Jena, when Prussia seemed trampled into the bloody mire under the cannon of Napoleon and the feet of the horses and men in his victorious armies. Prussian women, never losing their courage, flung their ornaments of gold and jewelry into the treasury of the state, taking back the simple cross of Berlin iron, which is now the precious heirloom in so many Prussian families, bearing the inscription, 'I gave gold for iron.' That is the glory of womanhood. That passion, its forgetfulness, that supreme self-devotion with which she flings herself into the championship of a cause that is dear and sacred and trampled under foot. It is her crown of renown, it is her staff of power, and I do not wonder that almost while we are speaking and listening here the Prussians and the Germans all are marching in festival procession under the lindens of Berlin celebrating, not the memory of the moral grace, the moral beauty and power which came into the government of Prussia when the young German girl, who has been since the honored and illustrious queen and empress, gave her hand to the German officer. It is a memory of the past; it is a prophecy for the future."

Be Gentlemen at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, or father, or brother will speak harsh words to those that he loves the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Mother's Assistant.*

As It Used to Be.—One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivance for economizing heat was employed until Dr. Franklin had invented the iron-framed fire-place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town, as well as in the country, were done in brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in the country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days by the aid of which a fire could be easily started, and if the fire went out during the night, and the timber was damp, so that the spark could not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or more to borrow a brand from a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was zero during many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and wood-sheds, and they never complained.

A little boy, whose father neglects the duty of family prayer, spent some time with his pious relatives, where morning and evening devotion was carefully observed, and religious instruction imparted, remarked, "We haven't got any God at my papa's house." Isn't it true elsewhere that they haven't got any God in the house? How is it in yours?

Latest Efforts of the Wits.

Both Home and Foreign Products.

ONLY AN ARROW.

Only an arrow, long and slim,
Hither and thither at every whim;
Yellow as gold, its point, so sharp,
Glistened as does the silver carp.

Only a bow, slender and strong,
Fashioned of hickory, old and long,
That sent that arrow swift and straight
To fulfill the terrible doom of fate.

Only a lady, young and sweet,
Who planted firmly her little feet,
And sent that arrow with easy grace—
Watching the course with smiling face.

Only a target; but beneath it lay
A hen, clad in her garb of gray;
Little she thought, as lingering there,
That death was borne on the summer air.

Only a squawk as the arrow dropped—
Not till it reached the heart it stopped;
And blood and dust and arrow and hen
In wild confusion mingled then.

MORAL.

Only a boy, but he owned that hen,
And one dollar he wanted then—
Which the father paid with sullen grace,
And the boy walked off with smiling face.

One must expect a din at a tin wedding.

An extensive dry-goods firm is that of Cali Co.

Charity covereth a multitude of church lotteries.

Reporters are forced to lay low in order to get spicy locals.

Noah was an anti-monarchist. He circumvented a long reign.

The mission of many merchants is to secure commissions.

None but the brave can get fair play in this wicked world.

All people are prominent and popular after they are dead.

A cobbler becomes a physician when he heels boots and shoes.

Worth, the man-milliner, is not the author of the Woman in White.

The man who wins a boat-race is mightier than he that taketh a city.

Great men in this age must have a great capacity for eating great dinners.

A married man's best refuge under the unwritten law is to objurgate his mother-in-law.

Even the cheerful man afflicted with an itching palm is fond of a dollarous scratching.

It is mighty hard work for the most amiable of witnesses to keep their temper while being cross-examined.

A man can get up a natural and cheap orchestra by blowing his nose and beating the drum of his ear.

When men have become very angry at each other, what more natural than that they should bring cross actions?

The tears you would shed cannot possibly form a shelter for your fuel—cannot be made into a wood-shed, you know!

Every little pony of a politician looks forword hepefully to the day when he shall be ranked among the old political war-horses.

Heaven helps those who help themselves; but, somehow, the helpers bring in the assistance of a jimmy, a crowbar and a dark-lantern.

It is against the law to carry concealed arms, yet the Rome *Sentinel* says it is nothing uncommon, on moonlight evenings, to see young ladies with half-concealed arms around their waists.

The effete aristocracy of the Old World are not true to the names they bear. The Earl of Fife cannot even whistle, and never blew a fife in all his life. The Duke of Bucleugh has never been known to find a clue to anything.

All the heathen deities have been banished from power—totally overthrown—except Jupiter Pluvius alone. He still reigns. He is a very capricious and despotic monarch, too, and a big force of missionaries ought to be sent against him.

There are some persons in this world of such a cheerful nature that, if you tell them you have the toothache, they will immediately sit down and enumerate all the persons they know who have died in convulsions from that terrible disease.

If there is one thing more than another that will make a young man in a big button-hole bouquet, light gloves, dainty clothes and hair parted in the middle, come down to hard-pan and as near common sense as he can get without previous preparation or adaptability, it is to have a woman tell him he ought to have been born a girl.

There comes a time in a young man's experience when it suddenly dawns upon his youthful mind that life is stern and real, and that only by the severest labor and greatest self-denial can he hope to accumulate even a modicum of wealth. Then he promptly marries a girl with a wart on her nose, any goes home to live with her sixty thousand-dollar parents.

An Awful Story.—"There was once an awful little girl who had an awful way of saying 'awful' to every thing. She lived in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. she went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount or food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drouth, and when the awful drouth was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying 'awful' about everything, I am afraid she will, by and by, come to an awful end."

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San Francisco, Friday, April 16, 1880.

Secret Societies.

Among those institutions that do a great deal of good on a moderate scale, and contain the germs of considerable harm on a large scale, we must count our Jewish secret societies. Notwithstanding the unquestionable benefits they confer, we are, in view of possible consequences, almost tempted to exclaim: Penny-wise, pound-foolish. While the good they do is obvious to every one, the injury they cause, if perpetuated in their present condition, is more insidious, less noticeable at present, and consequently more dangerous. The great success they have met with in our country is by no means proof that they will not, with their present laws, be one day a bane and misfortune to Israel. These are plain and weighty words, and we are well aware that they will have to encounter passionate and obstinate contradiction, and that, too, proceeding mostly from the well-intentioned and earnest members of those societies. But we are happily so situated, that we care not a rush for mere passionate and hostile declamations. THE JEWISH TIMES must and will live up to its motto, "Independent in all things," and whosoever takes up the gauntlet that we throw down to all Jewish societies as at present constituted, must have something more to offer than mere contradiction or obstinate denial. He must meet us with arguments, based on sound logic and unquestionable facts, and we shall be ready and willing to place our columns at his disposal, if he is desirous to champion the cause of these institutions, and present to our readers the other side of the question. But be this as it may, the time has come when the Jewish press must make a firm stand against abuses that will one day inflict incalculable harm upon every one of us. Seeing rocks ahead, independent journals are in duty bound to give timely warning of those dangers, to the end that they be circumvented as long as it can yet possibly be done. At all events, the antiquated fashion of our press, of continually patting these societies, calling them sweet and flattering names, styling them the beacon-lights of Israel, the standard-bearers of Jehovah, the battalions of the Lord, the crowning glory of our age—and what not—should cease once for all. For the veriest fanatic belonging to the Independent Order X. Y., does not fail to see that all this lofty rhetoric, borrowed possibly from the fourth-of-July orator, is one enormous humbug. It is never wise to blow over much, for all things human have, apart from their good and useful qualities, some that may, under certain circumstances, become very hurtful. Now we will disclose the grounds of our objections to the secret Jewish societies, and hope that our remarks will be carefully considered by those of our readers who are interested in one or the other of those institutions.

First of all, it may be pertinent to inquire what our secret societies have to hide from the outside world, or rather, whether they are in possession of any valuable knowledge which they sacredly conceal from Gentiles. If this were really the case, these societies would have to be charged with a narrow and illiberal spirit towards citizens of other denominations who are deprived of the benefits of knowledge and information for no other reason than a difference in religion. Such an exclusion on religious grounds is entirely at variance with the spirit of our age. The illiberality becomes still more alarming when we consider that orders like the Masonic and Odd Fellows, composed mostly of Christians, do not exclude us Jews on account of our religious fatih. But does it seem becoming in us to ask for admission in these orders, as long as we have our own secret societies from which we exclude Christians without distinction, for a reason that we should at once resent with righteous indignation, were it applied in our own case? Nay, is it not brazen effrontery to complain, when—as occurs now and then—Jews are black-balloted in the Masonic or Odd Fellows' fraternities on account of their religion, as long as we ourselves keep close watch against non-Jews at the entrance to our secret orders, and refuse to impart to the world at large the mysterious and valuable knowledge that we are suspected of being in possession of, at least according to our own original supposition? But here the kind reader, who is himself a member of some Jewish lodge, objects to our supposition that the Jewish orders withhold important knowledge from the rest of the world. He says that they are mere institutions for mutual benefit; that they take care of their sick, bury their dead, and have charge of their widows and orphans. Just so, dear reader, but wherefore this Chinese wall of secrecy around your institutions? If nothing that is said or done in these secret Jewish societies need shun the broad light of day—and we ourselves can bear witness to the good and noble teaching imparted there—why surround yourself with mystery where there is none? It recalls an incident that happened some 2,000 years ago. When Pompey had taken Jerusalem, he entered the temple and was greatly surprised not to find there an ass's head, as it had been commonly rumored in antiquity, that the Jews worshiped at the shrine of a donkey. Without desiring to follow the comparison up in all its details, we are still of the opinion, that the outside world, were it to be suddenly admitted into the inner temple of these secret societies, would find no strange and inhuman worship there. Still, as these are mere assurances, we cannot expect the world to believe that we do not plot, or conspire, or intrigue against the welfare of those not of our faith, until we offer them an opportunity to see for themselves. But the reader who is a member of one or the other of these societies tries quite plausibly to explain, that inasmuch as we Jews are brethren of the same faith; and inasmuch as we are thrown socially and otherwise into each other's company, it is natural that we should establish institutions of mutual relief in distress, and combine with it efforts to cultivate the lofty tenets of our religion. But the misunderstanding arises from the fact, that however much we coincide with the worthy objects and purposes of these societies, we entertain very strong objections to this playing with mystery and secrecy.

Suppose that a secret order like that of the *B'nai B'rith* had been successfully introduced in Germany, as the order of Odd Fellows was some years ago, and suppose that every town had its *Loge* and the city of Berlin its *Gross-Loge* of B'nai B'rith, what would have been the consequences during the agitation that is now going on in that country? The very existence of these secret lodges would have been the most fearful weapon against the Jews. "Here, in our beautiful country," Marr and Treitschke would have declaimed, "the Jews meet in their secret lodges, to which no Christian is ever admitted; they separate voluntarily from the rest of their fellow-citizens and deliberate all the year through in their *secret* conclaves; and for what other reason do they impose such *secrecy* but for their own sinister motives and purposes?" Can any one underrate the perils to which our brethren would have been exposed in consequence of such a *secret* institution, even in enlightened Germany? Or look at Russia, where General Melikoff is just now having his game of blind-man's-buff with the nihilists. With a knowledge of our past and even present history, is it not reasonable to assume that our Russian brethren may congratulate themselves for not having such a *secret* order in their country? It would have been very difficult indeed for them to explain that they are not the authors of the nihilistic movement of Russia, much more difficult, in fact, than it was for the Jews of Germany in the 14th century to explain, that they did not poison the wells. For this General Melikoff, who is reported as being, besides an able general, a sound and logical reasoner, would doubtless have retorted: "You Jews have a right to unite or combine in societies established for mutual relief, and I will even concede to you the privilege of having such societies all to yourselves, but *if you plot and intrigue in secret* against us Russians, it is high time that we should drive you out of the country. This is the way a Russian General would speak and probably give effect to his words by an official Ukas. But these horrible suspicions reflecting upon the character of the Jews are by no means the heritage of ignorant and benighted countries, they are rather the heritage of the Israelites everywhere. Wherever Jews have been prosperous for a time through their industry and thrift, there envy and jealousy waited for an opportunity to "agitate against them," as the modern phrase for "persecution" goes. And our beloved America offers just as fine a field for future possibilities of this kind as any on the globe, and we are almost inclined to say a finer. Not actual persecution, the Lord beware, is what we have immediately to fear, but that quiet, unobtrusive, but efficient "agitation against the Jews," of which there are as yet only very insignificant traces. But are we on that account to invite an agitation and give a semblance of truth to wicked, malicious and unfounded charges by keeping up and maintaining our societies in strict secret, when there is absolutely no necessity for this mystifying of outsiders? We say that regard for the welfare of our people should make our societies remove this last vestige of *mystery* or *secrecy* connected with them. The world will not say, it is only a few hundred or thousand Jews that form these secret orders; it will say it is *the Jews;* it will keep all of us accountable for this condition of things, and it is for this reason that every one of us has a deep and lasting interest in seeing this dangerous Chinese wall of secrecy, this standing menace to our peace and happiness, forever removed from America.

Press and Pulpit.

There is a growing tendency to a conflict between our Jewish ministers and the Jewish press. The battle may be said to have been fairly opened on the whole line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the rhetorical skirmish that has lately taken place between *The American Hebrew* and Rev. Hirsch, of Philadelphia, and THE JEWISH TIMES and one of *our* reverend gentlemen who has from his pulpit hurled his *charitable* epithets against the editor of the last-named journal. If the battle must come, there is little doubt upon which banner victory will ultimately perch, notwithstanding the Eastern Rev., like his Western colleague, seeks to strike back with the very vague phrase of *ignorance*. The press has become a mighty power in our country, and is daily gaining strength, while the pulpit is losing in a corresponding degree. It is the same with the secular press and the rostrum. The range of influence of the newspaper has grown so much at the expense of that of the public speaker, that now-a-days eminent members of Congress prepare their speeches rather for the press than for the score of people to whom they are actually addressed. Even a Clay, Webster, or the god-like Calhoun, whose names are synonyms for oratory and statesmanship, or a Pitt, Burke or Sheridan, who entranced the listening Commons with the thunders of their eloquence, would, were they now on earth, find that the press has become mightier than themselves. It is difficult to understand why our clergymen refuse to heed these living facts, and imitating Congressional methods, prepare their sermons with a care that would render them suitable for publication, and secure to them the attention of vastly greater numbers than they command at present. But instead of following a method commanded by the circumstances, the pigmies of the pulpit have begun to tackle the giant press, which is but the mouthpiece of public sentiment. In a spirit of supercilious conceit, and with an air of conscious infallibility, our ministers have of late attempted to ride rough-shod through old-established institutions, and defy that honest conservative element among our people which is strangely in contrast with the wild, fanatic and unscrupulous reforming of our so-called rabbis. If it were not for this conservative attitude of our people which finds expression in our religious press, the would-be reformers had long since reformed Judaism out of existence. Felix Adler (the son of such a reformed Rabbi), who publicly charges his kin and kindred with having formerly offered human sacrifices, is but the natural fruit of that poisonous Upas-tree, of theological insolence, that has such a blighting effect upon our religion in this country. Our Jewish press has a serious and responsible task to perform. It will teach Jewish ministers that they are public men, and as such, not exempt from that criticism to which all public men in this country are most properly subjected. In the measure that their example and teachings are productive of good or evil, they must be drawn before the bar of public opinion. The time of blind popular worship of the Rabbi, when men would regard him as a representative of God in Israel, has disappeared with the spread of general enlightenment, and the increased demand of the people for culture, refinement and ability on the part of the ministers. Unfortunately, their information is often inadequate, their teachings shallow and destructive, and their private actions at times reprehensible.

Such were some of the thoughts that suggested themselves to us on pondering over the attitude taken last Saturday by the Rev. gentleman who occupies the pulpit of the *Shearith Israel* Congregation, with respect to our recent article on "Personal Influence," which we republish in another column for the benefit of those readers who have failed to peruse it attentively. The Rev. H. Vidaver took occasion, vehemently to object in his sermon, to our call upon the Rabbis to exert themselves in behalf of our religion, and *go out in the high-ways and by-ways* to lead our straying brethren back to the fold. He retorts, that the Jews are not a missionary people, and it is therefore not incumbent upon him to perform missionary work. With all respect due to the honorable position the gentleman occupies, we still insist that there is an absolute necessity for missionary work and missionary zeal; and if the gentleman is really in earnest with his complaints of the sad decline of our religion on this coast, he will be "up and *doing*," which means something more than up and preaching. We did not call upon him to constitute himself a missionary for the conversion of the gentiles. We know as well as he does, that Judaism is not a proselytizing religion. But we repeat, that it is his sacred obligation as a Jewish minister, when he knows that there are about 12,000 Israelites in this city, of which only a few hundred keep the Sabbath day holy, to become an active missionary among his own people, and to lead them back to a sense of their duty. We understand by the term missionary, a man that has a mission to perform, and we further understand by a mission, not efforts directed to personal ends, but such actions as tend to ameliorate the religious, moral and physical welfare of our race. In this conception of a Jewish minister's mission, the views of Rev. H. Vidaver appear, however, widely divergent from our own, for which we are truly and sincerely sorry. But we are not less sorry for the manifest divergence of our views concerning the decorum and propriety that should distinguish the sacred character of the pulpit from the profane and vulgar of the stump. We do not mention it in a spirit of personal grievance that the Rev. gentleman abused his privileged position to proclaim the editor of this paper an "ignoramus," for we are disposed to plead guilty to the charge since we are conscious of the fact. We are ignorant, but this confession of the lack of mental discipline should in all charity be ascribed to our misfortune and not our fault. Our ignorance is especially marked in the following situations: We did not know that a preacher of God's word, which is epitomized in charity and kindness, can violate it with impunity. We did not know that the pulpit was the throne from whence to hurl vindictive, instead of argument, and we never knew that it was a crime for a layman to entertain and publish an opinion without consulting rabbinical authority. Now, if we are not in error, and memory is not so very treacherous, our accuser has often before sought to stigmatize his moral and intellectual peers as ignoramuses, and it is to us a badge of honor to be classed among them. But if the Rev. H. Vidaver means thereby to convey the impression of his own superior learning,—a proposition that his own well known native modesty would cause him to shrink from stating more directly—we would respectfully recommend that he should carefully prepare a sermon, in good English, from the text in PROVERBS: "Do not be wise in thine own eyes," and if sent to us, we will cheerfully publish his views concerning the sinfulness of conceit and the danger of its encouragement.

What Constitutes Nationality. V.

It is the fashion at the present day to measure Mendelssohn by Kant and Hegel, and then to find him pretty insignificant. To be sure, Mendelssohn was not one of the great philosophers; he is not to be compared with the German Kant, nor with the Jewish Spinoza either. But when the question under discussion is the development of the German feeling of nationality, the expression of the thought in the German language, Mendelssohn must not be forgotten, however distasteful it may be to remember him. His manner of presenting a subject has been, down to the present day, a rarely reached model of a purely German philosophical style, which, both by clearness and beauty of diction, far from impairing the depth of thought, rather contributes to its sublimity. Kant himself, who on April 8th, 1766, assures Mendelssohn, "never will I write anything which I do not think," writes to him: (August 18th, 1783) "These people are so happy as to be able to think for themselves, and at the same time for others, and find a style suitable to all. *There is but one Mendelssohn.*" Other testimonies might be adduced in large numbers, but they are dispensable for some persons, and useless with others. Another passage from a letter of Kant's, however, is deserving of special mention in this connection. He remarks, "with what admiration of the subtlety, ingenuity and intelligence" he has read "Jerusalem." "I regard this book as the announcement of a great but slowly advancing reform, that will affect not only your nation but also others. You have understood how to harmonize your religion with such a degree of freedom of conscience, which one would not have thought possible, and of which freedom of conscience no other religion can boast." Mendelssohn is nevertheless no great philosopher; but that intimate union of a noble force of will, purity of character, and depth of feeling, with clearness and precision of mind, consequently a severe unity and totality of philosophic character, has rarely been paralleled in equal perfection. Happy Mendelssohn and his time, that he was regarded by his contemporaries not as a philosopher, but as a sage. If we consider the circumstances under which he had grown up, lived and thought, he appears almost as a psychologic miracle; but Mendelssohn is no miracle, he is only a German Jew of the noblest kind. It may be reserved for better times, in which an unprejudiced, veracious investigation of facts will take place, to find out the peculiarly deep and momentous affinity between the German and the Jewish spirit. No one will deny that this affinity has recently borne evil fruit on the dark side of human activity. He whose mind is still turned towards the ideal aims of life, will deeply regret this, but fairness will prevent him from keeping the entire race or denomination on either side responsible.

All better Jews think of this affinity to the German mind with the most sincere gratitude. Besides, that department of science, which to us Jews has a specifically religious interest, the philological and historical investigation of the Old Testament, has attained a cultivation and bloom in Germany, as with no other people. To the entire development of German science and German culture the German Jews take part with such devotion, that an inward separation from it is to them quite unthinkable and unintelligible. Even in that wherein, the German Jews are separated from the rest of their fellow-citizens, their efforts are directed towards the good of the whole people. Primarily, when they take care of the religious education and the religious institutions of their co-religionists. Or is it of no consequence to the entire nation, whether or not religion is fostered among one part of it? If they would only succeed in this direction in a higher degree, many a just complaint would then be silenced. But from the same reason we take the liveliest interest in the prosperity and growth of the Christian religion; for we recognize the high value of religion to the ideal life of a nation. Concerning that which is best for the Christian church, or churches, we have often no adequate opinion. He that is judicious among us, will not express one, in order not to mix in there ligious feuds of others. But it is not only with our hearts that we can wish every church to have that which is best for it; but also with our judgment, expressed with modesty and reserve. We can with perfect impartiality place ourselves on the side of him who represents a higher, nobler, worthier degree of religious development. With all modesty and reserve we can prefer the religion of *Lessing* to that of *Goze;* and if in the innermost recesses of our hearts we entertain the wish that the former may triumph over the latter, we may confidently expect that reason and future will fulfill it. The different religions, the various parties within them, may dispute with each other on which side the truth is; he that belongs to a third, will not mix in the dispute, but will wish that each religion, whatever be the tenets of its faith, should reach that height, fervor, and purity of religious conviction which it is possible for it to reach. Individuals and entire epochs of history are distinguished in a religious respect, not only by the dogmas in force among them, but just as much by the manner, degree, and depth of their religiousness. We may acknowledge, honor, and even admire the religiousness of another without regarding the object of his faith. We can, by example or instruction, receive or impart the fervor of faith of one of another persuasion. This may possibly arise from the fact that in all religions *religiousness* is the last and deepest element common to them.

(To be Continued.)

Personal Influence.

[From the JEWISH TIMES, April 21.]

[For expressing the views contained in the article reprinted below, Rev. H. Vidaver, from his pulpit, pronounced the writer an ignoramus. Let those who listened to him read and judge:]

On the second day of Passover we attended divine service at the Taylor-street Synagogue, where Rev. Dr. H. Vidaver delivered a lecture on "Atheism and Indifference." We were greatly struck by the force of his remarks concerning the decline of religion among our co-religionists of this city. Of a Jewish population estimated at 12,000, there are, at most, only a few hundred that attend divine service on Saturday, or take an active interest in Jewish affairs. The picture of universal irreligion among the Israelites of San Francisco could not be drawn in darker colors than was done by the reverend gentleman. He has obviously felt the gradual decrease—we might almost say extinction—of Judaism in this city, as much as any of his colleagues, who by a coincidence selected a theme not at all dissimilar to his for their discourses. But we own that we were somewhat disappointed in not hearing a more direct discussion of the causes which led up to this state of affairs, and of the remedies that would suggest themselves for its removal. If we were maliciously inclined, we might, perhaps, by the well-known law of association of ideas, think of our esteemed rabbis in immediate connection with those causes. If we were spitefully disposed, we might, perhaps, charge that just such remarks as those uttered by the reverend gentleman, "that *the pulpit* and the religious school is everything, and the rest mere ceremonials," go a good distance in keeping our brethren from the synagogue, who are not always on tip-toe to listen to pulpit exhortations, however much they might have a craving to pour out their hearts in fervent prayer before God. If we furthermore entertained a grudge against any reverend gentleman, we might possibly enter upon an investigation of the relative amount of personal vanity that manifests itself in the various pulpits to the detriment of the holy cause of religion. But we have enough charity for all to influence us to refrain from any investigation that might be unpalatable to any of our people. But that which we cannot suppress is our firm and unqualified objection to the statement, seemingly expressed and implied, that the sermon should be regarded as the very fulfillment of Judaism. To admit such, we would raise to the dignity of an aim and end what is merely an auxiliary to obtain a higher and loftier aim. Nay, the very value of the means has become questionable. What can our ministers accomplish with their elaborate homilies if there are but few listeners? Walls and empty pews speak not, neither do they hear. Why not take a lesson from Mohammed, who went to the mountain, because the mountain refused to come to him? Instead of being the Alpha and Omega of all ministerial work, the sermon is, in reality, the mere beginning of it. Religion is not spread, nor are its doctrines diffused, by waiting quietly on the velvety cushions of a synagogue for Israelites to come in and hear the word of God expounded. We would charge them to *go out in the highways and byways*, have a word of exhortation for the young, and an earnest word of reproach for the old. Be zealous in your efforts to redeem those who are fast falling away from the fold. Put your time and your thoughts and your powers to this noble work as Christian ministers in this country are reported to do, and God's blessing cannot fail. To do this, there is but one quality required—men call it *enthusiasm*. But this is a rare quality indeed. No one can say whence it comes; it is neither born nor devised on earth. It seizes individuals and nations with a mysterious and irresistible power, and carries them away to perform acts which they had never thought possible themselves. Such enthusiasm was once manifested by our own ancestors, when weak women and children welcomed the martyrdom of death for the sake of giving witness to the unity of God. Such enthusiasm is indeed unexplainable to others, and remains a mystery even to those possessed of it. But it is vain and foolish to suddenly *resolve* to become enthusiastic about a thing. It is vain and foolish to try and make others believe that one is in a state of high religious fervor, when one is as cold as an iceberg. Enthusiasm cannot be artificially called forth in one's own heart, nor in that of any other man, simply because this divine power has its origin there, where no arbitrary will ever reaches. It is a power that rules men, and is not ruled by them. It is a power that makes itself felt wherever it appears. It is a power that moves mankind forward, and has for its test only *deeds*—and not *sermons*.

Local Lines.

THE BYRON Club will hold its annual pic-nic at Belmont Park, Sunday, May 30th.

THE CALIFORNIA Social Club held an enjoyable picnic at Alameda, last Sunday.

SUBSCRIBERS would confer a favor by reporting to this office any irregularity in the receipt of THE JEWISH TIMES.

THE JEWISH Young Ladies' Leap Year Club of Oakland gave a party last Sunday evening, which was a social and financial success.

THE EUREKA Social Club will give its first entertainment at Saratoga Music Hall, Thursday evening, 22d inst. The very excellent programme announces, among others, the popular names of Miss Leonora Simmons, Miss Carro True, Miss Eva Morgenstern and Josh Davis.

THE YOUNG Men's Hebrew Association anticipate a pleasant time at the next "Informal," which is announced for Thursday evening, April 29th. "The Entertainment Committee" is very active in its efforts to present a satisfactory programme, and has been extremely fortunate in the selection and character of the contributors.

M. ALEXANDER WEILL and lady departed from this city for France yesterday morning. They carry with them the best wishes of the community. It was a very chivalric tribute which M. Weill paid to his wife, when at the banquet given in his honor by the citizens of French na-

tivity, last Saturday night, he conceded to her all the credit for his many benevolent deeds. He said that it was her advice, and her bidding, which influenced his every action, and if they merited any praise, to her alone should praise be rendered. It was a noble though richly merited tribute.

A NUMBER of butchers who have presumably been furnishing customers with *Kosher* meat, are now threatened with the loss of that custom, it having been discovered that sordid selfishness obtained the mastery of their honor. Instead of supplying *Kosher* meat, they have palmed off the "forbidden," thus violating their obligations, and possibly, perpetrating forgery in the appropriation of the regulation seal. Quite a number of aggrieved Israelites held an indignation meeting at the Tyler-Street Synagogue last Sunday. Much interest was manifested. A Committee of Investigation was appointed with instructions to report next Sunday at 3 P. M., and the meeting then adjourned

THE MARRIAGE ceremony of Mr. N. Riese and Miss Adelaide Baum took place last Sunday evening, at the residence of Mr. L. Lion, Green street, Rev. Dr. A. S. Bettelheim officiating on the occasion. After the ceremony, the assembled company partook of an elegant dinner, following which numerous toasts were offered, and appropriately responded to. The happy couple received many handsome wedding gifts. Among those present we noticed: Miss Lion, Miss Therese Strauss, Mr. and Mrs. L. Dinkelspiel, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Figel, Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenhood, Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Greenhood, Mr. and Mrs. London, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Misses Godchaux, Misses Myer, Miss Ophelia Levy, Miss Fanny Strauss, Miss Bertha Cahn, Madame Cahn, Miss B. Peiser, Mr. and Mrs. B. Schweitzer, Miss Shannon, Messrs. I. Abrahams, Sam. Lion, L. Lion, Jerry Whalen, L. Stern, J. Strauss, M. Beel, A. W. Myer, N. Riese, S. Riese, A. Frank, Morris Schweitzer Jos. Stern and many others.

Betrothed.

ABEL—KELLER.—Mr, Louis Abel to Miss Rose Keller, both of this city.

Married.

RIESE—BLUM.—In this city, Sunday, April 11, at the residence of L. Lion, Green St., by Rev. Dr. A. S. Bettelheim, N. Riese to Adelaide Blum.

Born.

BAER.—In this city, April 8, to the wife of Isaac Baer, a daughter.

JOSEPH.—In this city, April 9, to the wife of Isaac Joseph, a son.

BLUMENTHAL.—In this city, April 11, to the wife of A. Blumenthal of Nevada City, a daughter.

WOLFSOHN.—In this city, April 11, to the wife of H. Wolfsohn, a daughter.

AUERBACH.—In this city, April 10, to the wife L. Auerbach, a son.

STERN.—In this city, April 11, to the wife of A. Stern, a son.

CARO—In this city, April 13, to the wife of Morris Caro, a son.

MYER.—In this city, April 14, to the wife of Martin S. Meyer, a daughter.

Died.

SHRIER—In this city, April 10, Camile Rose, beloved daughter of Henry and Clara Shrier, aged 1 year, 8 months and 5 days.

WEINTRAUB—In this city, April 11, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. S. Folk, 213 Gough St., Wolf Weintraub, a native of Poland, aged 76 years.

MESSING—In London, England, March 20, Rabbi Joseph Messing, father of Rev. Dr, A. J. Messinger of this city, aged 60 years.

Fraternal Societies.

As it is intended to make this column of general interest, communications upon subjects contained in this column will be gladly received and impartially treated.

I. O. B'nai B'rith.

GOLDEN GATE Lodge No. 129, at its meeting on the evening of the 7th inst., passed a resolution to the effect that it was the sense of that Lodge that the Library should remain closed on the Jewish Sabbath, and directed a copy of that resolution to be forwarded to all the sister lodges in this city, and also to the Library Committee. This is a step in the right direction, and though it may not secure immediate results, it demonstrates that the desire to keep the Sabbath-day holy, still finds a place in the hearts of our young men. As "water will eventually wear away a stone," so will constant agitation accomplish beneficial results.

Order Kesher Shel Barzel.

THE DISTRICT Grand Lodge No. 2, will assemble in special session in this city, Sunday next at 10 A. M. Grand President, Peter Abrahamson has, in view of very urgent business, deemed it necessary to convene the Grand Lodge, and as it will be the first convocation under the authority of the Supreme Lodge U. S., since its return to that authority, it must result in an interesting meeting.

I. O. F. S. I.

AT a regular meeting of Sacramento Lodge No. 102, held Sunday, 11th inst., the following officers were duly installed by District Grand Deputy, Martin, S. Meyer: President, Leon Salomon; Vice-President, Isidor H. Simon; Recording Secretary, Ben. Wilson; Financial Secretary, Morris Ross; Treasurer, Louis J. Lithauer; Inside Guardian, J. M. Friedman.

THE following newly-elected officers of Concordia Lodge in this city, were installed by Deputy Newton Phillips last Tuesday evening: President, Martin S. Meyer; Vice-President, Sigmund Regensburger; Recording Secretary, Moses Schwab; Financial Secretary, I. S. Lang; Treasurer, Charles Brown; Outside Guardian, Henry Goldschmidt; Inside Guardian, Aaron Meyer; Conductor, Samnel Bierhoff; Warden, Aaron Wash.

THE Pioneer Lodge of this Order has temporarily reduced its rates for membership. It was urged by the advocates for reduction of initiation fees, that there would be a large accession to the roll. It is hoped that the best results will follow.

Knights of Pythias.

METROPOLITAN Lodge No. 24, gave its quarterly "Social" at its hall in Pythian Castle on Monday evening, the 12th inst. Among the enjoyable features of the evening were recitations by Messrs. Stern, Davis and others.

SEVERAL lodges have received "dispensations to open their charters," or, in other words, to receive candidates at the minimum rates.

I. O. O. F.

THE Odd Fellows of Portland, Oregon, have arranged for a grand celebration of the sixty-first anniversary of the introduction of that Order into the United States.

UNITY.

STRENGTHENING THE BOND.

A Fraternal Visit

One of those events which so much tend to increase the good fellowship and extend the warmth and scope of that fraternal feeling which exists between the various lodges of Jewish fraternities, was the visit, last Sunday, of Unity Lodge, I. O. B. B., of this city, to Etham Lodge, of Sacramento. The conception and fulfillment of the visit was noble. From the moment of its origination in the thoughts of a few individual members of Unity Lodge, until its culmination, the plan grew in good will and enthusiasm. The visit itself can produce but one result: a closer friendship, a more cordial harmony, between the two lodges. All arrangements having been previously completed, some sixty members of Unity Lodge left the wharf at 7:30 on Sunday morning, in charge of the Committee of Arrangements, Messrs. Hermann Enkle, Levi Sisenvine and Sol. Zekind. The morning was beautiful, the spirits of the excursionists buoyant and light, and so rapidly did the hours, whiled away with frolic, fun and folly, pass, that the train, figuratively speaking, drew into the Sacramento depot in less than no time.

ARRIVED IN SACRAMENTO,

And having alighted, the party was received, on the part of Etham Lodge, by Messrs. J. Newmark, M. Robitscheck, A. Hamburger, Marcus Wilson, S. Morris, S. Wilzinski, S. Goldman, S. Dombrower, Oscar Ross, Henry Ross, and President N. M. Jacobs, who extended a fraternally cordial greeting. Escorted by the Reception Committee, and preceded by J. S. Newmark, of Etham Lodge, and Louis Lippmann, President of Unity Lodge, they marched to Fisher's Restaurant, where ample justice was done to the beautiful collation prepared, nearly one hundred finding places at table. The good things and the cravings of the hungry excursionists having disappeared simultaneously, the party adjourned to meet again at the Capital Hotel, at 2 o'clock. Promptly at that hour they reassembled, and under the protecting wing of the Reception Committee proceeded to the

B'NAI B'RITH LODGE-ROOM,

Where they were received by a full attendance of Etham Lodge. Unity Lodge entered in a body, Grand President Jules Cerf and Grand Secretary William Kierski acting as Marshals. The formal introduction of the Grand Lodge officers, and the members of Unity Lodge having been attended to by ex-Grand President Newmark, the President of Etham Lodge extended to the visiting brethren a greeting, rich in sincerity and eloquent in expression. The officers of Etham Lodge are: S. Goldman, Monitor; N. M. Jacobs, President; D. A. Hamburger, Vice-President; Marcus Wilson, Recording Secretary; H. Weinstock, Financial Secretary; A. Dennery, Treasurer; I. Lesser, Inside Guardian; S. Sinay, Outside Guardian. Addresses and speeches were made by G. P. Jules Cerf, G. S. William Kierski, Louis Lippmann, President, and L. A. Morgenstern, Vice-President of Unity Lodge, and by the following members of the two lodges: Marcus Rosenthal, Joseph Rothschild, Hermann Enkle, Joseph Heiman, B. Dennery, ex-Grand Nassi; Harry Weinstock, ex-Grand President Newmark, and B. Kozminsky. The following gentlemen being called made short and appropriate remarks: Ex-Grand President Wm. Saalburg, I. J. Ascheim, F. Toplitz and Wolf Falk. The exercises and deliberations in the Lodge-room being concluded, previous to adjourning, the President announced that there would be a reception in the evening, to which all the visitors were invited, and handed to each an invitation, as follows:

"Complimentary Ball tendered Unity Lodge, I. O. B. B., of San Francisco, by Etham Lodge, No. 37, of Sacramento, at Turner Hall, Sunday evening, April 11, 1880. Dancing will commence at 8:30 P. M. Admit Mr.—— and Ladies. Present this at the door."

Until evening the excursionists separated, and each enjoyed himself according to his want, visiting friends and places of note, but driving finding the most favor.

THE BALL AND BANQUET.

Having indulged in a short rest from the fatigues of the day, the guests arrived in parties at Turner Hall, early in the evening. The large hall was prettily decorated with flags, shields, banners, stringers and streamers in pleasing variety, while to the rear of the stage was a large shield, relieved by a white back ground, with the greeting tastefully wrought in evergreens,

WELCOME UNITY LODGE.

For several hours a rigid devotion to terpsichore was observed, the Sacramento ladies proving themselves to be as graceful as they are beautiful. Some of the ladies displayed elegant toilettes, the most noticeable being,

Miss Ida Elkus, a blue satin underskirt, with an ecru *faille* polonaise, garniture of crushed roses; hair in braid with flowers.

Miss Bella Toplitz of San Francisco, looked very fascinating in a pale blue silk costume *en train*, elaborately trimmed; hair worn low.

Miss Bella Hamburger wore a short black silk underskirt with trimmings of whalebone fringe and passementeire, and a pale-blue silk bodice.

Miss Mary Kolman, blue satin skirt, pointed bodice, with drapings of blue gauze and garnet loops; hair dressed in chatelaine braids with crushed cardinal roses.

Miss Delia Peyser, of Stockton, wore a handsome and novel costume; an elaborately trimmed black satin underskirt, a short lilac silk overskirt, trimmed with rich white lace, and ornamented with cardinal and yellow buds; hair in braids, with buds.

Miss Jennie Marks looked neat and pretty, in a short black satin underskirt, with shirred front, panier overdress trimmed with bugle fringe and passementeires, relieved by lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots; hair low, in braids, with flowers.

Miss Maggie Friedman wore a stylish dress of black velvet underskirt with polonaise of gold satin, with black velvet bows, ornaments of gold and cardinal; hair dressed in chatelaine braids with gold and cardinal flowers.

Miss Amelia Cohn of San Francisco, wore a handsome costume, the short skirt was of cardinal silk, trimmed with knife-plaitings and shirrings, and lily-of-the-valley fringe; hair braided and ornamented with flowers.

Miss Flora Hauser of San Francisco, wore a neat and stylish costume of garnet with flower brocade trimming; hair dressed high with silver ornaments, and spray of yellow flowers.

Mrs. J. S. Gattman looked attractive in a pale pink silk costume *en train* with knife-plaitings, and paniers trimmed with silk fringe of the same color; hair dressed high, ornamented with flowers.

Mrs. M. Sternfels wore a beautiful white brocaded satin, elaborately trimmed, and looped at both sides and in front with pale blue satin bows; hair dressed low, with gold dagger ornaments. Jewels, diamonds.

Mrs. Sigmund Rothfeld wore a rich blue silk *en train*, with knife-plaitings and heavily fringed paniers; hair dressed high and ornamented with flowers.

The ball, which was a grand success, was under the direction of the following committees:

Committee of Arrangements: N. M. Jacobs, Chairman; D. A. Hamburger, Jos. Newmark, Harry Weinstock, S. N. Nathan. Floor Committee: Sam'l Marks, Director; Gus. Lavenson, M. J. Simmons, O. Ross, Phil. C. Cohen, B. Katschinski, Jos. Joseph, Marcus Levy, Dan. Hyman. Reception Committe: Ben. Steinman, Chairman; B. Moose, S. A. Hamburger, K. Hyman, S. Ginsburg.

The music was furnished by Church, Jones & Beebe's Orchestra, and the various selections rendered were executed in a manner equal to any of our own city bands.

At 11:30 o'clock P. M. an intermission was taken, and the hosts and their guests to the number of two hundred and fifty repaired to the dining-room to partake of a most récherché banquet. N. A. Jacobs presided, and the toasts of the evening were:

"The District Grand Lodge," responded to by Grand President Jules Cerf of San Francisco.

"Unity Lodge," responded to by Jos. Rothschild, San Francisco.

"Etham Lodge," responded to by D. Hamburger, Sacramento.

"The Ladies," responded to by H. Weinstock, Sacramento.

"The Law and the Order," responded to by M. Rosenthal, San Francisco.

"The Bachelors," responded to by Phil. Cohen, Sacramento.

"The Press," responded to by A. Seligsohn of San Francisco.

"The Ladies of Sacramento," responded to by Sanford H. Cohen of San Francisco.

Dancing was resumed after supper, and continued until the end of the programme; all partlcipants being happy with the night's pleasures. Each Lodge cheered the other, many happy sentiments were expressed, adieux regretfully mentioned, and one of the brighest holidays in the history of the B'nai B'rith Order in California was ended.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A number of the excursionists returned to the city on the early train Monday morning, but the majority lingered until afternoon. During the interim they visited the Senate and Assembly Chamber, and witnessed with what toil the solons of the San Francisco delegation earned their lucre. Prior to departure, the visitors paid their respects to N. A. Jacobs and other prominent members of Etham Lodge. At the depot a large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, and as the Unity boys left they wished them a speedy *au revoir*.

From the time of leaving home until the return, there was not a hitch in the programme, nor an unpleasant incident to mar the most thorough enjoyment of the occasion, and the Committee of Arrangements are entitled to a full meed of praise for the zealous and faithful discharge of their duties.

The ladies present were: The Misses Albertine Elkus, Louise Bories, Etta Lavenson, Hattie Price, Esther Jacobs, E. Bernbrie, Sallie Friedman, Amelia Bories, Flora Coney, Julia Coney, Rose Coney, Jennie Levy, Rose Ginsberg, M. Phillips, Rose Bories, J. Felsenthal, Belle and Jennie Toplitz of San Francisco; Hattie Lewald, Rachel Cohl, E. Rosenfeld, A. Rosenfeld, J. Kuhl, Rebecca Jacobs, Rachel Rosenberg, J. Berk, M. Hamburger. Mesdames: N. M. Jacobs, L. Elkus, H. Elkus, H. Marks, S. Marks, J. Bories, R. Levy, L. Levy, L. Phillips, S. Wasserman, G. N. Levy, B. Kozminsky, S. S. Nathan, Saml. Nathan, J. M. Gattman, B. Steinman, S. Lesser, W. Price, Meyers, D. J. Simmons, L. Salomon, M. Letzberg, S. Rosenfeld, H. Weinstock, A. Bornheim, A. Hamburger, I. S. Newmark, N. J. Nathan, S. Morris, M. Wilson, S. Gerstman, L. B. Berk, Alex. Lyons, L. Lewald, M. Levy, S. Sinay, S. Lavenson, H. Marks.

Members of the Unity Lodge and visitors present:

Louis Lipman, L. A. Morgenstern, Julius Levin, Isidor Freud, Aaron Harris, Isidor Cohn, Alex. Heyman, J. L. Heiman, Moses Lavenson, I. S. Cohen. E. Weinburg, Chas. Goldberg, A. Erb, Emil Shonwasser, George Raphael, Chas. S. Harris, Max Warschauer, Sol. Zekind, S. Sisenvine, R. R. Raphael, Herrman Enkle, Benj. Meyers, H. Harris, Z. Zacharias, M. Talburg, Abe Wolf, J. Livingston, Abe Lewis, Robt. Samisch, Jos. Rothschild, D. Cohan, J. Biber, J. Jacobs, I. Ehrenberg, M. Rosenthal, A. Seeligsohn, Henry Blackman, S. Soloman, S. Friedman, A. Shaen, A. Lowenstein, A. Guttman, W. W. Jacobs, H. Wolf, M. Haenberg, Albert Shoenfeld, William Wolf, A. M. Warschauer, W. Saalburg, Jules Cerf, Grand Priest; William Kierski, Grand Sec. A. Elkus, F. Toplitz, Wolf Falk, I. J. Asheim, Gust, Guttman, Sanford H. Cohen, A. Kaempfer.

Gentlemen: Including all of the San Francisco guests mentioned above, the following gentlemen were present: N. M. Jacobs, D. A. Hamburger, H. Weinstock, A. Hamburger, S. A. Hamburger, J. S. Newmark, N. J. Nathan, D. J. Simmons, M. J. Simmons, Samuel Marks, Gus Lavenson, M. Levy, Ben. Steinman, Phil. C. Cohen, Oscar Ross, B. Katschenski, J. Joseph, Dan. Hyman, B. Moose, K. Hyman, S. Ginsburg, E. Steinman, S. Gerson, T. L. Herman, S. Dombrower, S. Rosenthal, L. Elkus, M. Hirsch, S. Morris, I. Cohn, S. Moose, Julius S. Gattman, S. S. Nathan, L. Phillips, J. Feldheim, M. Ross, J. Ross, L. J. Lithauer, P. Phillips, J. Shaen, J. Steppacher, A. Bonnheim, B. Wilson, S. Goldman, R. Levy, Sam. Nathan, M. Wilson, Abr. Wilson, L. Peyser, Gus Marks, M. Rosenberg, I. Coney, Rev. S. Gerstman, Hon. Max Brooks, E. Lyons, M. Robitschck, Jos. Bories, M. Price, Gus Elkus, H. Hyman, L. B. Berk, A. Greenbaum, Alex. Lyons, L. Marks, B. Dennery, S. Silverman, L. Salomon, Dr. Arensberg, I. Lesser, I. G. Lesser, M. Lowenstein, B. Barnes, M. Sternfels, C. R. Levi, I. Hartstall, Jos. Rothfeld, S. Rosenfeld, M. Litzberg, J. M. Gattman, Mose Levy, S. Sinay, Henry Meyer, L. Friedman, H. Steinman, I. Lavenson.

The States.

BALTIMORE.—Mr. Ascher Frank, probably the oldest Jewish settler in Baltimore, died in that city, 25th ult., aged 85 years.

PHILADELPHIA.—Rev. Dr. Jastrow is severely ill, and the community is very much alarmed in consequence.

ST. LOUIS.—It is proposed to enlarge the present spacious Temple, at a cost of $10,000.

Foreign.

BOHEMIA has a populatiou of nearly 100,000.

IN the town of Mielitz, Gallicia, a Jewish woman, Rebecca Storech recently died at the remarkable age of 120 years. Within three days of her death, she had been seldom ill; never wore spectacles, and her faculties were undimmed.

IN the city of Bucharest, there are 3,407 Jewish mechanics.

THE Queen of Belgium is reported to be an excellent Hebrew scholar. She is by birth an Austrian princess, and in her youth submitted a class of girls in Pressburg to an examination in Hebrew. She quotes Hebrew Bible passages with ease and fluency. She is mother-in-law to the Crown Prince of Austria.

THE Consular force of Austro-Hungary is represented by nineteen Israelites.

THE Jewish population of the Kiugdom of Saxony is estimated at 6,000.

Dyeing not Dieing.

The question has been definitely settled that dyeing has been a good servant to the human race. And ladies and gents, or families, requiring work done should remember that gents' and ladies' suits, shawls cloaks, furs, foot-mats, feathers, kid gloves, neckties, crepe, veils, velvets, etc., are dyed, cleaned and repaired to equal new at the most moderate prices. Articles may be sent by mail or express, and will be returned by the same method. We are, respectfully, the original John F. Snow & Co., 633 Market street, Palace Hotel. Oakland Branch: 1063 Broadwap. No branch office in San Francisco.

CHAS. J. HOLMES,
Proprietor.

The California Distilling Co., of which our friends Yost & Adler are the proprietors, is an institution not only friendly to "the best Government the sun ever shone on," (to which it duly contributes nearly two thousand dollars of its hard-earned coin,) but to the public in general as well as to its patriotic and indefatigable progenitors in particular—men who have spared neither pains nor money to bring this tax-paying concern up to its present high state of perfection. (*Antioch Ledger.*

It is quite noteworthy that the Government of Germany is awaking to the fact that the nation is in danger from the prevailing drinking habits of the people. It has introduced a bill into the Reichstag proposing to tax the retailing of beer, wine and stronger liquors. In advocating the measure, the Minister of Finance distinctly stated that it was not so much for the purpose of raising revenue as for the conviction that the excessive use of their national beverages was so injuring the health and deteriorating the morals of people, that the future prosperity of the nation was endangered. The number of places where liquor is sold is increasing much faster than the population, and the tendency among the people is to use strong liquors instead of their milder beverages. We hardly expect Germany to be in advance of us in temperance legislation.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington is paid a salary of $10,000 a year, with no perquisites. The Speaker of the British House of Commons is better paid. His salary is $20,000 a year, a house, rent free, $5,000 equipment money, 2,000 ounces silver plate on the day of his election, $500 a year for stationery, and fees amounting to $15,000 a year—about $40,000 a year, all told. The present Speaker will retire and be elevated to the peerage on the election of a new Parliament this month.

The moon is the most improvident of topers. It manages to get full once a month, but is soon reduced to its last quarter. Why has it never occurred to some one to pun on the moon's changes before? That is a no pun question.

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(No performance Sunday.)

ALSO AT SATURDAY MATINEE.

Successful production of Genee's Comic Opera, in 3 acts, entitled the

ROYAL ROYAL MIDDY! MIDDY!

Purchased from the author and produced from his instructions.

Emile Melville as Fanchette

And the following embraced in the admirable cast:

ANNIS MONTAGUE, CHAS. H. TURNER,
LILLY POST, HARRY PEAKES,
LOUISE PAULLIN, MAX FREEMAN,
TOM CASSELLI, WILLIE SIMMS,
ETC., ETC., ETC,

MR. GUSTAV HINRICHS...Musical Director.

Seats may be secured two weeks in advance.

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The Greatest Success

Of the Season!

SUPPE'S COMIC OPERA IN 3 ACTS,

FATINITZA! FATINITZA! FATINITZA! FATINITZA!

Lieutenant Vladimir.....Miss Hattie Moore
Julian Hardy.....Mr. Harry Gates
Gen. Kautchukoff.....Mr. Bornemann
Sergeant Steipann.....Mr. T. Casselli
Princess Lydia.....Miss M. Neville

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The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

San Francisco, Friday, April 16, 1880.

The Two Clerks.

In Market Square, in the pleasant city of Merryport, was a crockery store, over the door of which was a black sign bearing the name of Benjamin Hudson. For many years this crockery store had been there, with the great pitcher hanging in front for a sign; indeed, when Mr. Hudson first opened the store, some forty years previously, he was quite a young man, and the sign over his door was bright and handsome; but now his eyes had grown dim, and the owner was called "Old Hudson" by the boys and girls of the city.

Mr. Benjamin Hudson had grown rich in his business, for he had conducted it all himself, and taken care that nothing should be wasted or lost by neglect. Sixty-five years had begun to bend over Mr. Hudson's shoulders and dim the brightness of his eye, and he found business more irksome than it formerly had been.

"I must have a partner," said he one day. "I must have one interested in the business, who is young and active, and will take the weight off my shoulders, for I do not care to do as I used to."

Now, in Mr. Hudson's employ were two young men—Herbert Bond and Charles Sehmour. They had been with him an equal length of time, and had performed their duties faithfully and well. Charles did his work quickly, and had a smart way about him that made people think he was greatly superior to Herbert, who had a more quiet demeanor, and accomplished quite as much without making a great stir about it.

"I must have Herbert or Charles for a partner," soliloquized Mr. Hudson; "on which can I decide? They both do very well in the store, but I ought to know something of them out of the store, and I am sorry to say that is a point I never paid proper attention to. My clerks come here in the morning and go away at night; what becomes of them over night, I know not, and yet I ought to know. Neither of them have parents in the city; they live in some of the numerous boarding-houses, and I hope are steady and well-behaved. I must see them in their homes and then decide which shall be my partner."

The next day Mr. Hudson ascertained the boarding-places of his clerks without letting them know for what purpose, and after supper that evening his wife and daughters were somewhat astonished to see him go to the hall and put on his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, papa?" asked Lily, the youngest daughter.

"I am going to make a call on two young men of my acquaintance; I shall not be long gone," replied Mr. Hudson; and bidding them good-by, immediately started out.

Herbert's boarding-house was the nearer of the two, and here Mr. Hudson stopped first.

"Does a young man named Herbert Bond board here?"

"He does. Walk in, sir, and I will call him," replied the woman.

"I will go to his room if you will show me where it is," answered Mr. Hudson; "I presume he is in it?"

"I think so; he is seldom out in the evening. You can step up there if you like, sir; go up two flights, and the first door to the right is the one," replied Mrs. Buntin.

Mr. Hudson puffed up the stairs and knocked with his cane at the designated door. It was opened by Herbert, who looked very much amazed when he saw his employer, and said:

"Why, Mr. Hudson, is anything the matter in the store? Nothing happened out of the way, I hope?"

"No—nothing—nothing at all," said Mr. Hudson, walking in and taking a chair. "I took a notion to call around and see how you were this evening."

Bond expressed himself very glad to see his employer, and while he took his hat and cane, Mr. Hudson glanced around the room. It was an attic room, and dormer-windows; a good fire was burning in an open grate; a book-rack filled with books adorned one side of the room, and the centre of the floor was occupied by a table on which were writing materials.

"You look very cosy here, Herbert; but why do you have an attic room? Are there none you can have below stairs?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but this is a dollar a week cheaper, and I have all the more money to send to my father," replied Herbert.

"Isn't you father well off?" inquired Mr. Hudson.

"Not very, sir; he used to be pretty rich, but his business was disastrous, and he lost a good deal of money," said Bond.

"What do you find to do evenings? Does not the time hang heavy?"

"Oh, no, sir! I have books to read and letters to write. To-night I am writing home; they want me to make them a visit, but I write that it is a pretty busy time just now, but when it is over I shall ask you for a few days of absence," answered Herbert.

"You shall have it willingly," said Mr. Hudson; and then he added: "Does Charles ever call upon you?"

"No, sir. I have asked him to several times, but he has never called."

"Are you contented here in this boarding-house?" inquired Mr. Hudson.

"It is a very good boarding-house, and Mrs. Buntin is very kind; but I have often wished that I could live at home," answered Herbert.

"And why can't you? How far is it from here?" asked his employer.

"Twenty-five miles, sir; rather far to travel every day, and then I can't afford the expense," was Herbert's reply.

"What time could you reach the store in the morning?"

"At half-past eight, sir."

"And you would have to leave at what hour in the afternoon?"

"About half-past five, sir."

"Not very bad hours for the business. Perhaps it can be arranged so that you can live at home, Herbert."

"Oh, I should like it so much if I could. I am so homesick here in the city!" was the clerk's reply.

"Well, I'll look into the the matter, Herbert. It seems a pity that one who is so fond of his home can't live there, in these times of railway and fast traveling," said Mr. Hudson, as he arose to depart. Herbert thanked him for his visit, and said it would please him to have Mr. Hudson call again.

"Now for Charles Sehmour. I hope I shall find him as well occupied as Herbert Bond," soliloquized Mr. Hudson.

The boarding-house was reached, the bell rang, and Mr. Hudson was admitted. The servant said Sehmour was in, and ushered him to the chamber door. Mr. Hudson knocked. and the door immediately swung wide open, and a voice exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, got along at last, have you? We're all ready for you; have got the—" Charles Sehmour stopped here, and his face turned suddenly pale at seeing, instead of one of his boon companions, his venerable employer. It was several seconds before he could recover his speech. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hudson; you must excuse me; I expected a friend this evening, and in the dim light of the entry I thought you were he. Walk in, sir, and sit down."

Mr. Hudson entered the room, and was somewhat surprised to see the identical three young men who had insulted him on the street; they were smoking cigars, and had their feet elevated on the bureau, mantelpiece and bedstead. Mr. Hudson saw at once that he was in confusion, and Sehmour's actions were painful and awkward. Nevertheless, his employer started a conversation, and had been there but a few minutes when a footstep was heard on the stairs; the door opened a little, and a bottle of champagne came rolling across the floor, followed by a round Dutch cheese, a bunch of cigars and two more bottles. Sehmour looked dreadfully distressed, but could do nothing. It was a fourth friend, who had been out after refreshments, and took this facetious mode of introducing them into the chamber. Mr. Hudson thought it was time for him to go, so he took his leave and returned to his home.

Mr. Hudson was not long making up his mind as to which one of his clerks would make the most faithful partner, and in less than a week it was announced in the papers that Herbert Bond was a member of the firm of Benjamin Hudson & Co. It was a happy day for Herbert, and it was not many years before he managed the whole business himself; and he became a wealthy man.

Charles Sehmour knew very well the reason of Mr. Hudson's choice, and he always had to regret having formed such unprofitable acquaintances as were assembled in his room that unlucky night.—*Wm. L. Williams.*

Paris Letter.

PARIS, France, March 19th, 1880.

A grand revolutionary, socialist, and communistic banquet was held yesterday, under the auspices of the Radical newspaper *L'Egalite*, in celebration of the anniversary of March 18. The paper appeared on this occasion printed in red ink. All the *elite* of the ultra-Radical world honored the banquet with their presence, about 400 guests in all sitting down—including Germans, Spaniards, Italians, and Russian Nihilists, male and female. Dinner having passed off quietly, the company resolved itself into a meeting; but, in order more fully to keep up the equality of the idea, no president was elected. Numerous inflammatory telegrams, from different parts of France and Europe, announcing the well-being of the cause in their respective neighborhoods, and congratulating the French Socialists on their banquet, were read amid great applause, probably due to the fact that among the bulk of those present a substantial dinner is indeed a matter for congratulation, and the company, on whom the champagne began to tell, joined in deafening cries of "Vive la Commune." "The Red Flag" having been sung, a collection was made for the support of the workmen on strike and in aid of future revolutions; but as the amount raised only reached something under $15, no immediate fear of France being again given up to revolution need be entertained.

Yesterday being March 18, the day on which the Commune began, just nine years ago, the sinister event was commemorated by a monster meeting, held at the Salle des Ecoles, in the Rue d'Arras. The hall was hung with red, a plaster bust of the Republic adorned the back of the platform, and above it appeared a scroll with the single word "Amnestie" inscribed thereon in letters of gold. Round the hall were suspended Venetian lamps of ruddy hue, which threw a liquid glare upon the 2,500 motley heads congregated below. Blood red banners floated here and there, and near the door was fixed a placard which had already done duty on a previous occasion, and which ran thus: "Strike for the universal Commune. Rehabilitated is our cause. Avenged it will be. Glorified it will remain. Ninth anniversary of the Revolution of March 18, 1871." Close by stood another banner, upon which flamed the words, "Vive la Commune!" After some preliminaries had been gone through, the Citoyenne Rouzade, a great star among the Socialists, appeared at the tribune and made the speech of the evening. The "citoyenne," a woman of middle height, very thin and angular, was clad in a black dress of the most severe simplicity, but her hat was relieved with a tricolor ribbon, and a hugh diamond sparkled on her hand. She met, I need hardly add, with an enthusiastic reception, and then, in cold, dry tones she set to work to denounce the clergy and the "governing classes." Nature, she said, has made no one a master among us. Deprive the general of his uniform, the *cure* of his sontane, the judge of his robes, turn them all into bathing attire, and then try and recognize them. Brutal force and theft have been the point of departure of the first rich men and of the first masters. Even the "bourgeois" cannot deny this. With more in the same strain, which all loudly applauded. At the conclusion of the address the audience arose to their feet and made the hall ring again with cries of "Vive l' Amnestie! Vive le Socialisme! Vive la Commune!"

Something for Everybody.

There is something saddening about a pair of scissors. Alas! they only meet to sever!

A man can always find more reasons for doing as he wishes to than for doing as he ought to.

A witty lady being asked her opinion of moustache, replied, "I always set my face against them."

When he is twenty-one, the boy is said to have outgrown the switch, but that is the age a girl begins to need one.

"I'm very fond of little boys," she said, as she tripped on a string stretched across the pavement. "I feel as if I could eat a couple of 'em, this minute, raw."

Country doctor to a lately bereaved widow: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends; but now we shall never meet again.

Rev. Dr. Peabody of Harvard University, now at the full age of threescore years and ten, was such a Samson in his youth that a farmer once offered him extra wages if he would enter the harvest-field.

Professor: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?" *Senior:* "The sense of touch." *Professor:* "Give an example." *Senior:* "My chum can feel his moustache, but no one else can see it."

A minister was once preaching in a jail from this verse, "Thou God seest me." After service he went through the cells, speaking to each prisoner. "What brought you here?" he asked of a rough, bent old man. "Because I didn't remember your text. My mother told me that; but she died, and I forgot it, and I'm in here for life."

Men are often very courageous in advocating what is popular at the time and which no man questions. They are very bold when on the rising tide; and quite as ready, like the tide, to remain at the "slack," and then turn the other way and flow out on the ebb to join the great ocean of public opinion. But you are not so, are you?

Persons who are constantly saying that they are free from prejudice are generally more prejudiced than others, though they are not aware of the fact. They are like the old lady who declared that she was open to conviction, but shaking her head, she added that she would just like to see the man who could convince her.

The Austrian Diet has just done what could not be done, probably, by any other legislative body in Europe, viz., voted $75,000 to pay the expenses of the visit of the Empress to Ireland, whither she went chiefly to enjoy the exciting pleasure of fox-hunting. The Empress is known to be one of the most fearless horsewomen in Europe. The national debt of Austria is $2,005,150,000.

Some folks are always on the lookout for flaws, and would refuse to admire a majestic spire if a corner were chipped off one of the stones. They might as well put their Shakespeare away and refuse to read it because the great bard makes Cassius say, "The clock has stricken three," forgetful of the fact that clocks were not invented for more than eight hundred years after Cassius was dead.

Patience is strength; impatience, weakness. By striving for patience, you can claim the soul, and even the patient body will help to give patience to the spirit. To sit quiet, even though what is going on wearies you, is gain. And for one thing, strive against the disposition to fly from one place to another. Wait; buds do not come up in a day, and you may yet find flowers where only a little while ago you thought it was only a barren waste.

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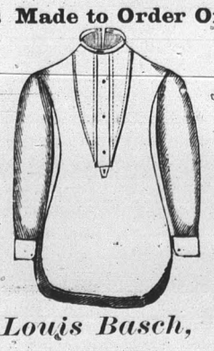

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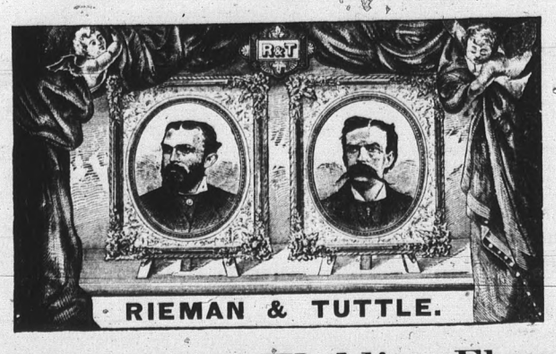

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